



FREE
SPACE MASK



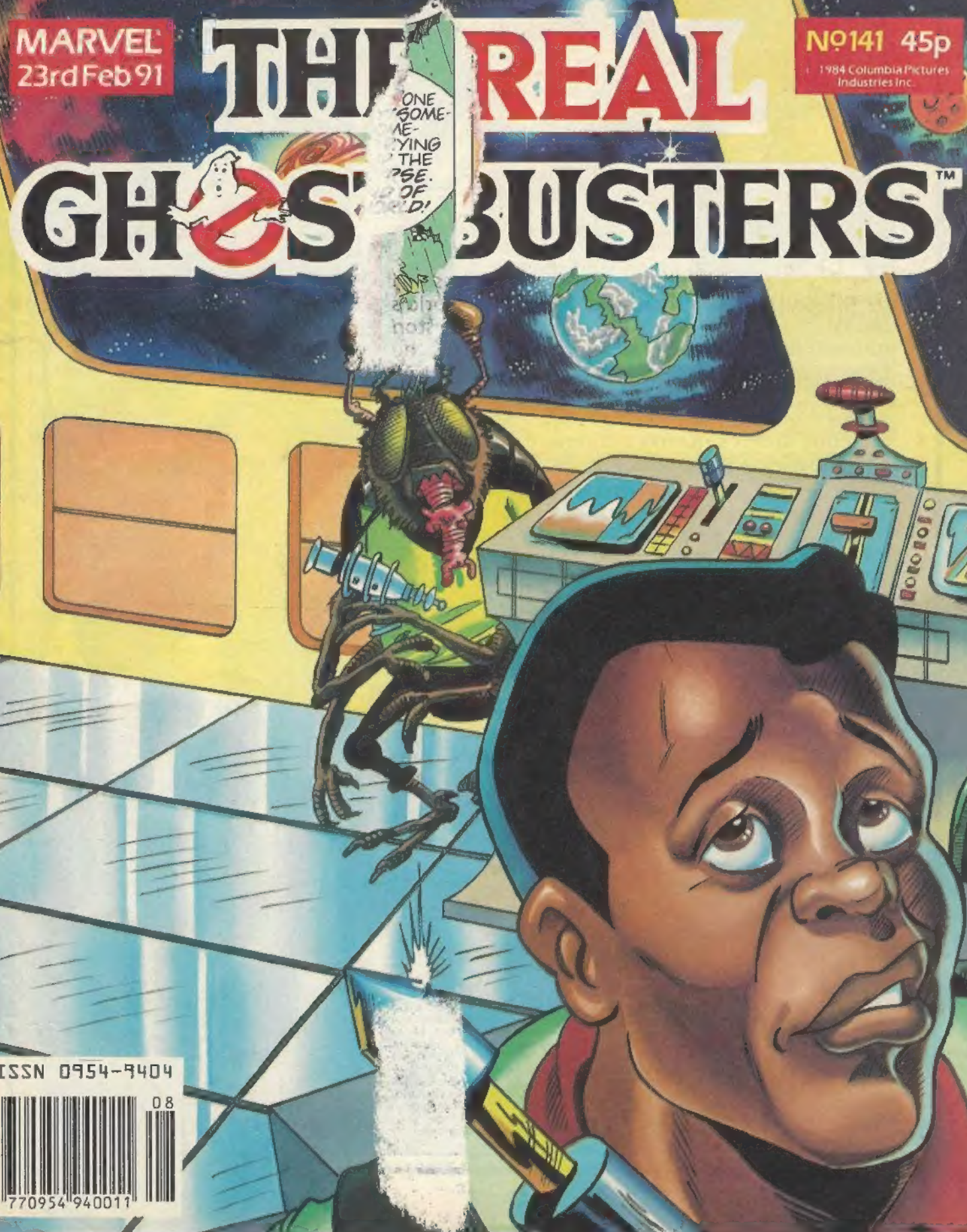
FROM
Kellogg's
RICICLES

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MARVEL
23rd Feb 91

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

NO141 45p
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© 1984 Columbia Pictures
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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

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ISSN 0954-9404



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Wow! A special **FREE** Captain Rik Space Mask, a particularly cosmic edition of the world's spookiest comic, **The Real Ghostbusters!** Winston sure wishes that he had one of the masks so that the beastly bug monster behind him cannot see him in this week's terrifying **Winston's Diary!**

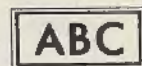
The Doomsday Mask has disappeared from the museum, and it's raining bats and frogs. This can only mean one thing... someone has summoned **The Four Horsemen** in the spooky tale, **Donkey Riders Of The Apocalypse!**

Apart from these exciting adventures there is also the second hilarious instalment of the **Slimer** story, **Stupid Cupid!** But don't forget to get next week's issue of **The Real Ghostbusters** because there is a fantastic computer competition, so don't miss it!

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE



JANINE
MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

GHOSTBUSTERS HQ...



EGON, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THIS.

BUT IT'S RAINING BATS AND FROGS AGAIN.



THAT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING, RAY. SOMETHING IS TRYING TO CALL UP THE APOCALYPSE. THE END OF THE WORLD!

DO YOU THINK THIS IS TIED UP WITH THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE DOOMSDAY MASK FROM THE MUSEUM?



AS SURE AS THERE'S AN AMPHIBIAN ON MY HEAD, WE'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!

AND SO...



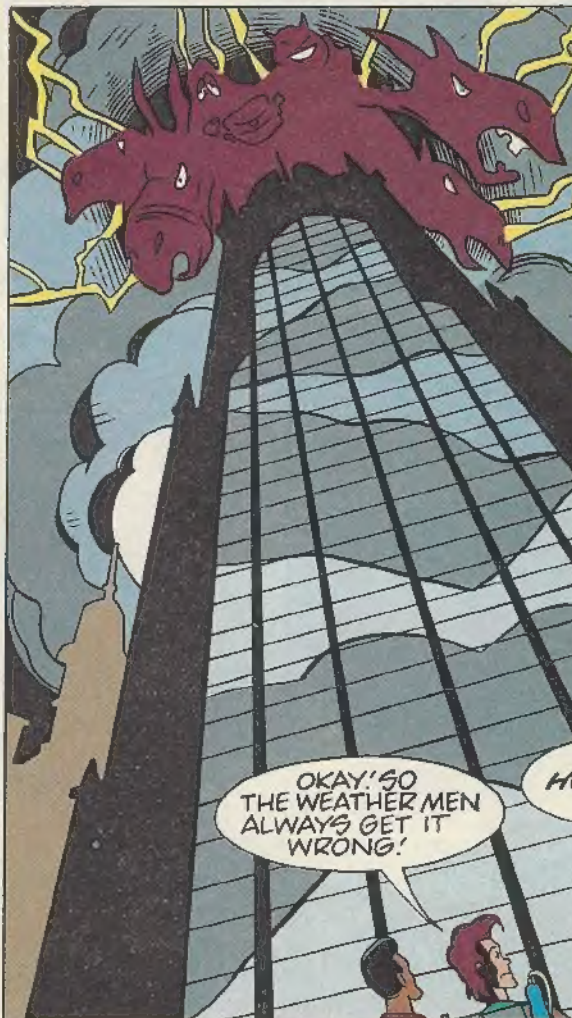
IVO SHANDOR BLOCK. THIS IS WHERE THE SOURCE OF THE PKE SURGE STARTED.

SCHREEEE

WHATEVER'S GOING ON, PETER, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE TOO LATE!



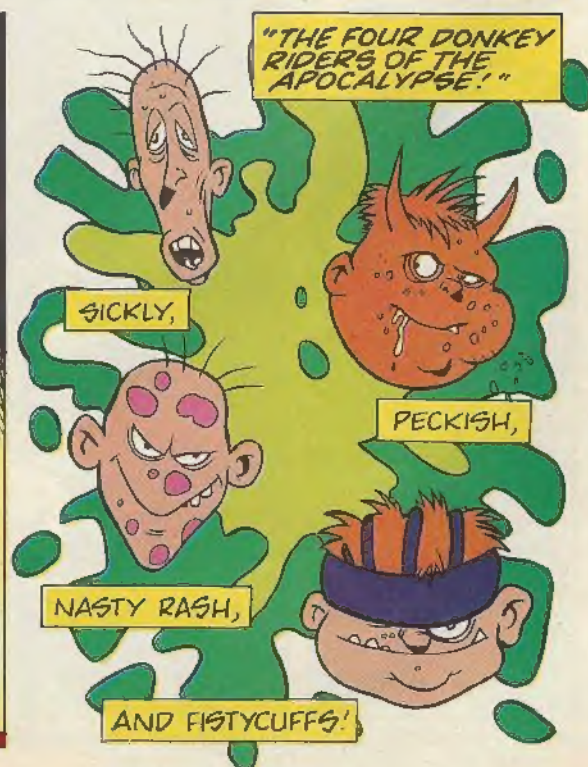
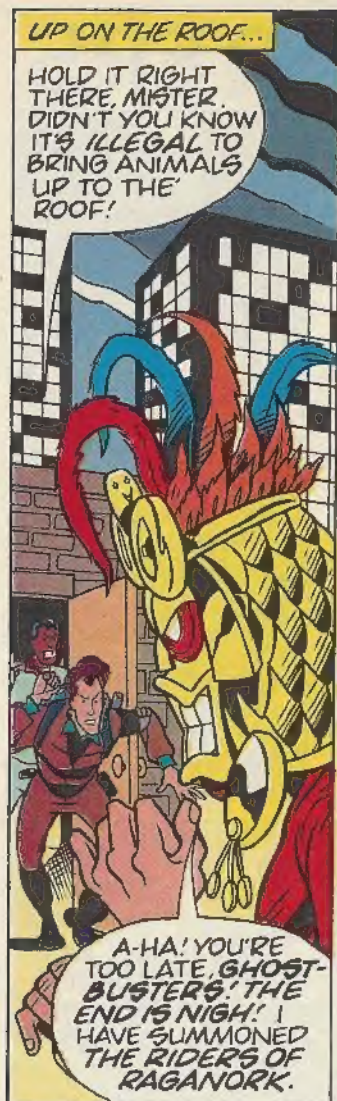
HEY, WINSTON, DON'T BE SO NEGATIVE! IT'S ONLY A BIT OF UNSEASONAL WEATHER!

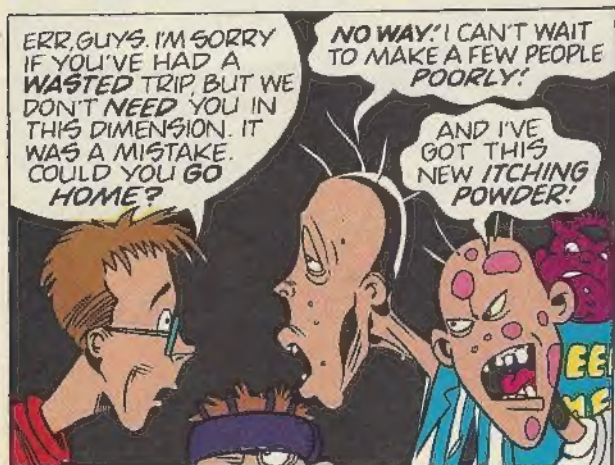


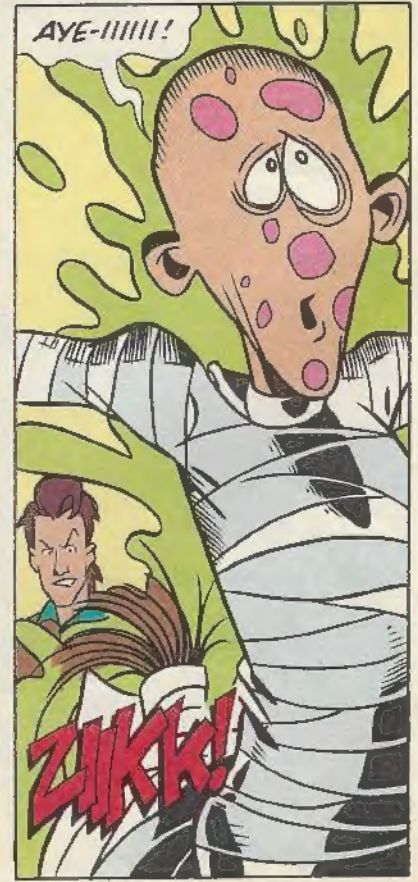
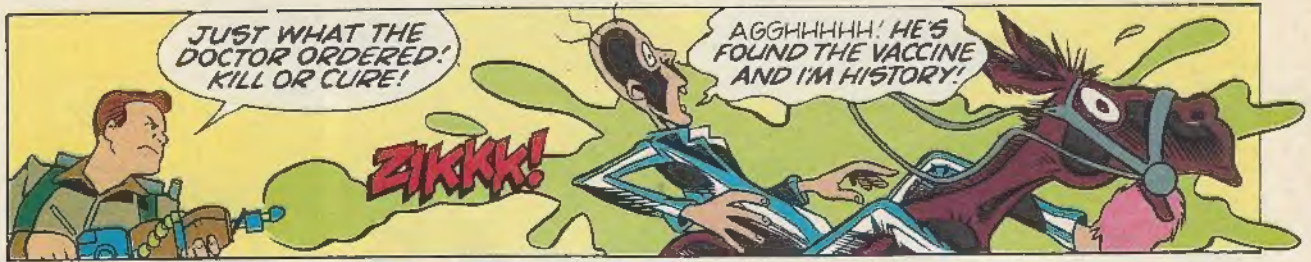
OKAY, SO THE WEATHER MEN ALWAYS GET IT WRONG!

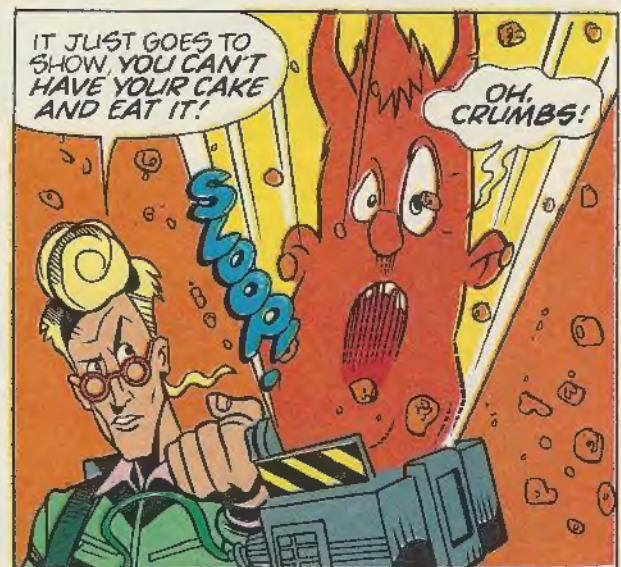
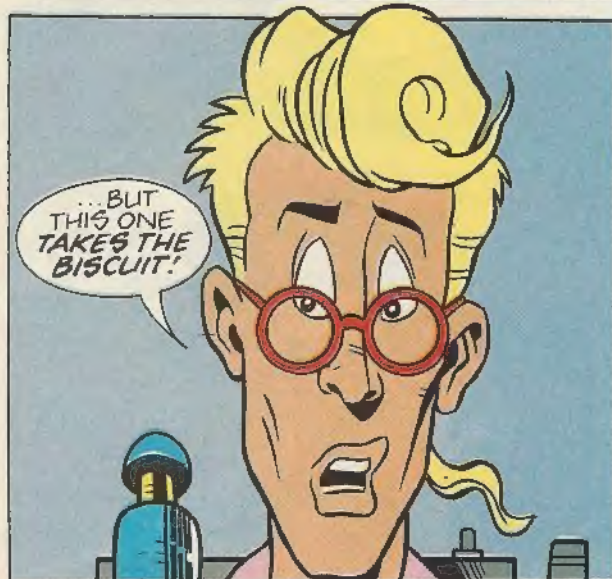
DONKEY RIDERS OF THE APOCALYPSE!

IT'S THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE!







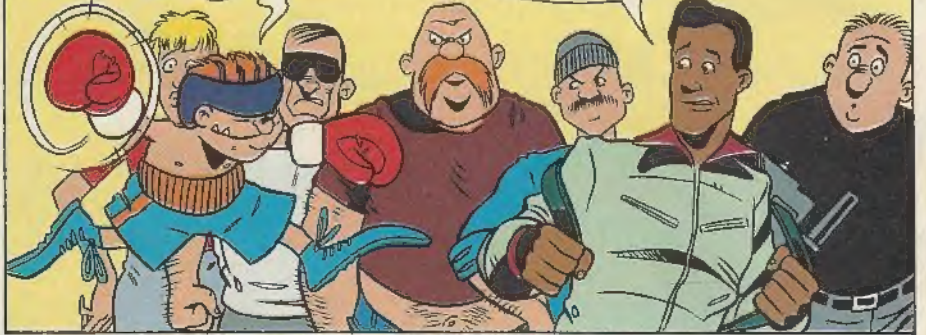


I DON'T NEED MY CANNON FOR THIS. I'LL **BUST** HIM WITH MY BARE HANDS!



THAT'S THE **SPIRIT**. FIGHT ME LIKE A MAN! COME ON! I'LL ONLY USE ONE HAND!

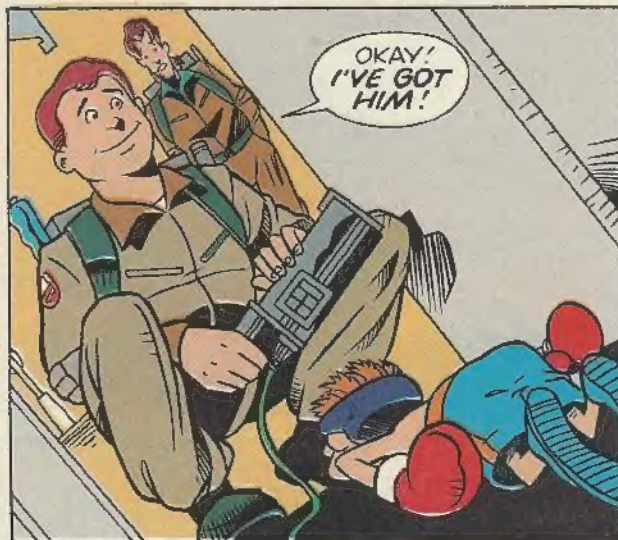
I'M SORRY ABOUT THIS...



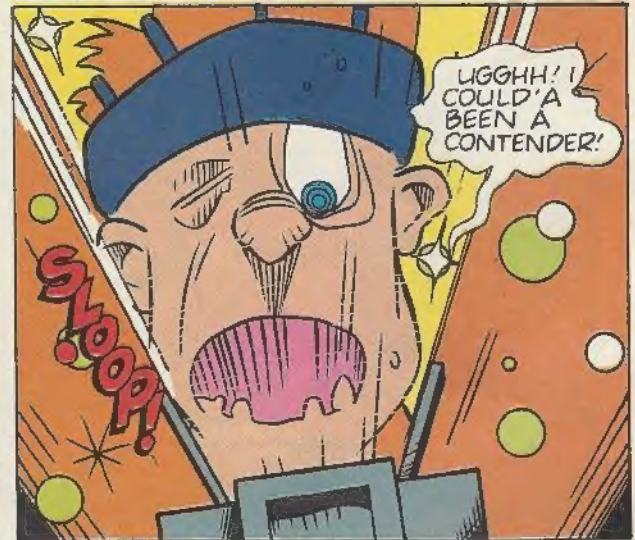
...BUT YOU'RE MESSING WITH THE **HEAVY-WEIGHTS**!



OKAY! I'VE GOT HIM!



UGGHH! I COULD'A BEEN A **CONTENDER**!

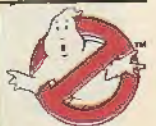


WE DID IT. WE SAVED THE WORLD AGAIN!

YEP! WE'RE **KNOCK-OUT**! THE **DONKEY RIDERS** DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE!



AT LEAST WE DIDN'T MAKE **FOOLS** OF OURSELVES AFTER ALL THIS **DONKEY WORK**!



SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

Way back in Guide #14, I discussed the other Horsemen of the Apocalypse. Several of you wrote in asking how our understanding of the Apocalyptic cavalry has changed since the unearthing of the so-called 'Panoptic Ostler's Manuscript' in a dig near Cairo by Cable Canepshin of the Department of Antiquity. Well, Bernard, Joyce, Shanara and all the rest of you that wrote in, the answer is 'a fair bit'.

The manuscript, written in a lower haptometric cuneiform language similar to High Erudlian, is apparently the personal record and log of the demogorgonic fiend called **Grin-tooth**, who was for some centuries the stable master and ostler to the Horseman of the Apocalypse. This fascinating document reveals the nature and names of several Apocalypse Horsemen who are not as famous as the original crew. I list them for you here.

1. Qwyzzomanx

Called the horseman of bringing things together, Qwyzzomanx is a fearsome demon. Riding into battle on his draconian steed **Wingcometax**, his ability is to magically associate things that should never be brought together. At a touch of his hand, powerful magnets appear in the middle of valuable tape collec-



PART 141

tions, cats pop into existence in the middle of large flocks of pigeons and filing cabinets are filled with emulsion paint.

2. Corpischore

The Apocalypse Horseman of tuneless singing, whose dreadful blight afflicts all those in baths or showers, at the back of the congregation in church services and anyone who is listening to a personal stereo.

3. Namblesheen

Vicious and bad-tempered, Namblesheen has been banned from attending any more apocalypses, and instead is only used by the horsemen for any supercosmic engagements like children's parties or weddings. It is rumoured that Namblesheen's teeth are bigger

GUIDE

and more pointy than any other demon in the Paraverse, though claims are made for the fangs of both Parcrax the Goofy and Bindlethorn the Dentally Devastating.

4. Punge

Punge is a small, and offensive horseman, who rides into Apocalypse battles on a mal-adjusted stoat called **Calvin**. His particular power is that of hiding things in the last place you'd look. Thanks to him, car keys turn up in the vegetable rack under the radishes, socks (odd) turn up in the lampshade in the spare bedroom, watches turn up strapped to the broom in the shed, and trousers turn up at the knee when you're least expecting it.


5. Fenquadrakor

Another of the multi-armed tarot demons, Fenquadrakor was enlisted in the Apocalypse horsemen when he proved to be the only demon who could control the spectro-stallion **Bleurk Beauty**. Actually, his control of the mighty nightmare is only a tad better than those of his predecessors, in as much as he is able to stay on its back. When the Horsemen ride into the fray, Fenquadrakor is most often seen six miles away heading in the opposite direction with a helpless look on his face.

WINSTON'S DIARY

A LIFE OF WINSTON ZECOMORE



Story DAN ABNETT  Art STEPHEN BASKERVILLE, LESLEY DALTON and JOHN BURNS

Saturday, 16th February 1991

I was going to blame Peter when it first happened. It had all the trappings of his wicked sense of humour. The thing was, I'd never known him try a practical joke as elaborate as this.

You see, I'd been in HQ, all kitted up and about to go out on a bust, when I suddenly experienced this bizarre feeling, and the next thing I knew, I was standing in the middle of somewhere that definitely wasn't HQ at all. The strange feeling I'd experienced hadn't been at all nice – it was a bit like being sucked up a drinking straw, very much like I imagined it felt when those guys used to get themselves 'beamed up' on that old space show on TV. Funny I should say that, really. . . There I was, standing in the middle of this big, shiny white control room, wearing a surprised expression on my face, with a funny little spud that looked like a giant cockroach wearing a yellow sweat-shirt sitting in front of me on a swivel chair.

"Welcome to the Starboat *Initiative*, Earth-Hero," it said, "I am Commander Kruk, captain of this vessel."

To which I replied, quite understandably given the circumstances, "Could you run that by me again, d'you think?"

Kruk was pretty obliging (for a giant cockroach in a yellow pullover). He explained that I had been beamed aboard (what did I tell you?) the Starboat *Initiative*, an interplanetary trade vessel from Rigel, his home world.

"So you're saying I'm on a space ship and I'm having a close encounter of the fourth, or possibly fifth, kind?" I said. I figured I wasn't quite having a close encounter of the sixth kind yet (tea and biscuits with the occupants of a UFO).

"In a gnat-shawl," he replied. "Sorry, I mean 'nut-shell'."

Well, that gave us a few laughs for a minute or so, and Kruk told me his auto-translator was always pulling stunts like that at the worst possible moment

("Greetings, President Elect of the Nine Systems, I, Kruk of Rigel, give you a hearty whelk-home . . ." and such like – boy, Kruk knew some funny stories.)

Then he introduced me to the rest of the crew: First officer Spak (a preying mantis in blue shorts), Engineer Skt (a fat beetle in a red balaclava) and Medical Officer Mkoï (a scarab in white flip-flops) – and then he told me about their 'probe-lime'.



The 'probe-lime' was this: the *Initiative* had a very 'un-whelk-home' passenger aboard – a 'four-some' alien 'boeing' that was lurking in the dark and spooky corridors of their starboat and terrorising the crew by suddenly leaping out and 'lurking' at them when they weren't expecting it, like during the finals of the inter-deck amateur domino tournament, for instance. They had no 'eye-dear' what to do about it until Mr Spak pointed out they were orbiting Earth, a planet famous for having a team of heroes who specialised in 'boasting' all 'manor' of 'ghasties' and 'goalies!' That was why I was beamed aboard. In a gnat-shawl. I had to 'boast' their alien for them.

Thankfully I felt pretty lucky that day. I unslung my Proton Gun, set it for 'stun' and announced 'take me to your probe-lime'.



"What are you doing, Earth-Hero?" asked Kruk as I strode towards the elevator doors.

"I'm boldly going," I replied. Then I fell over a four-foot long lump of timber behind Kruk's chair.

"What's that?" I asked as Spak and Mkoï picked me up and dusted me down.

"The Captain's log," said Skt helpfully. Just a few short stardates later I found myself in the gloomy and grim depths of the ship, with Skt showing me the way by the light of a pocket torch.

"From here on you must go 'a-loan'," said Skt as we reached a hatchway marked 'No services for 12 parsecs'.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because the hero always goes into the darkest bits of the ship to face the alien creature 'a-loan'," replied Skt as if it was obvious. "Besides, it scares the wellies out of me. I can get the yellow lights to flash if it helps any."

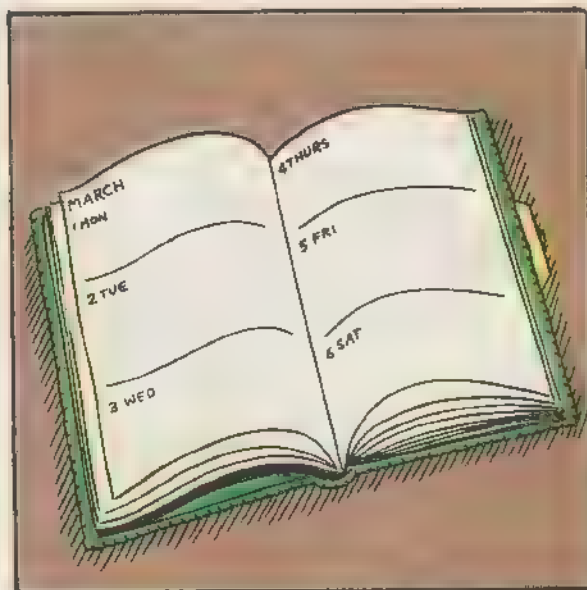
"Don't bother," I answered. "Just tell me one thing – why do all space ships have miles and miles of corridors in them?"

"Same reason all alien planets look like gravel pits," he replied. "When you're through, give us a shout and we'll beam you back to the bridge."

"Aye aye, Mr Skt," I said and went off to meet my monster.

I'll spare you the gruesome details because it was so nasty that the adventure had an 18 certificate, and besides, it was dark. Suffice to say that when the monster sprang out of the dark squeaking 'exterminate, exterminate!' I zapped it with about ninety megacycles of protonics and it exploded, covering me and the whole corridor for sixty feet in very gloopy slime.

Looking and feeling like the victim of the worst sneeze on record, I found the communicator Skt had given me and switched it on.



"ET's gone home," I reported. "Now kindly clean me up and beam me up."

"Sorry, Earth-Hero," came the reply, "There are no wash facilities here."

"Oh well," I sighed, "in that case just beam me up snotty."

SAFE BUSTERS

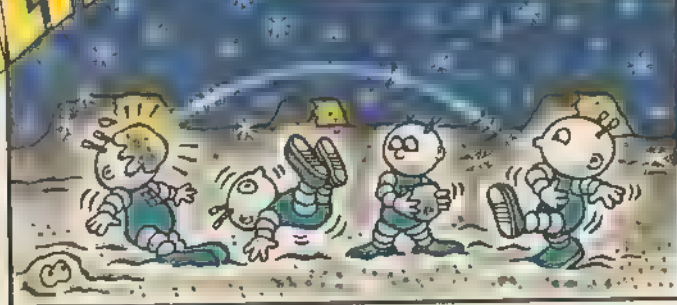
No-one saw them enter, but everyone saw them leave. There were some pretty shifty goings-on at the City Bank and The Real Ghostbusters had all the answers. Apparently the robbers were occult outlaws and the reason why they were spotted escaping was because money bags are not made of ectoplasm and therefore cannot pass through walls. Thus, with the trail hot and the PKE Meters humming, our slime fighters sped off. They ended up at a run-down farmhouse, base of the notorious Ronnie Briggs gang,

the Great Drain Robbers – so called because of their novel, if grotty method, of drilling up from the sewers into banks. There then followed a wild shoot-out, or rather slime-out. Slime was everywhere and Slimer was in the back of ECTO-1, which was a ghost send. With the plundering phantoms taken care of, all that was left was Ronnie, whose attempt to make a getaway in ECTO-1 was courageously curtailed by Slimer. What a stick-up!

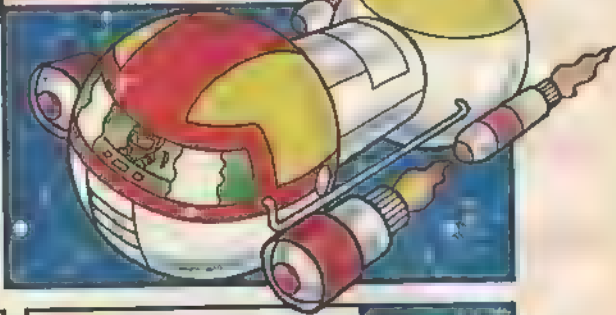


CAPTAIN RIK'S ADVENTURE FROM *Kellogg's* RICKLES

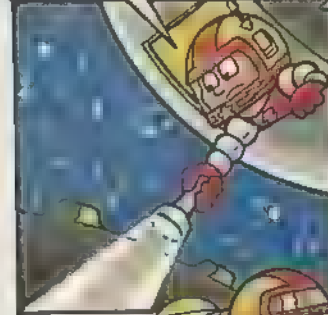
ON PLANET RICON IT NEVER SNOWS - IT GLITTERS !



LIKE WHEN CAPTAIN RIK WAS RETURNING TO RICON THIS WINTER



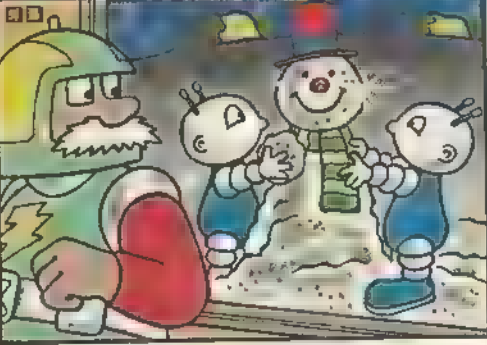
IT'S SO DARK I CANNOT SEE WHERE TO LAND!



CAPTAIN RIK CALLS UP MOR CAN YOU HELP ME MOR-I'M LOST!



MOR HAS AN IDEA....



THE RICONs MAKE LINES OF GLITTERMEN TO MARK THE LANDING AREA



WHAT A GREAT WAY TO LAND!



I'VE GOT A BRAINWAVE-WE CAN USE THE GLITTER TO MAKE SOME GLITTER STICKERS TO PUT INSIDE KELLOGGS RICKLES PACKS FOR MY FRIENDS ON EARTH!



Captain Rik Says: LOOK OUT FOR GLITTER STICKERS INSIDE SPECIAL PACKS OF KELLOGGS RICKLES !

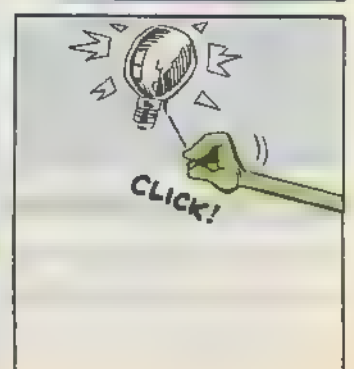
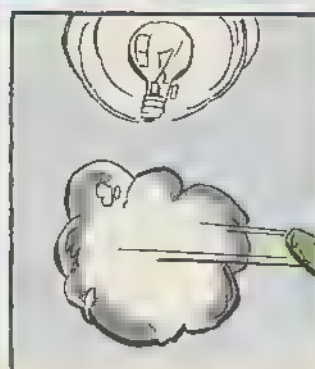
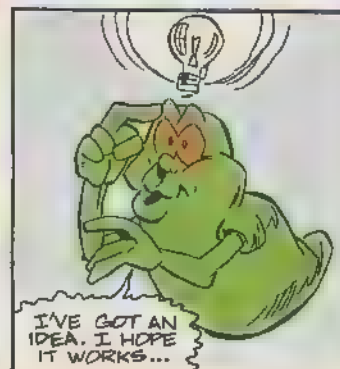
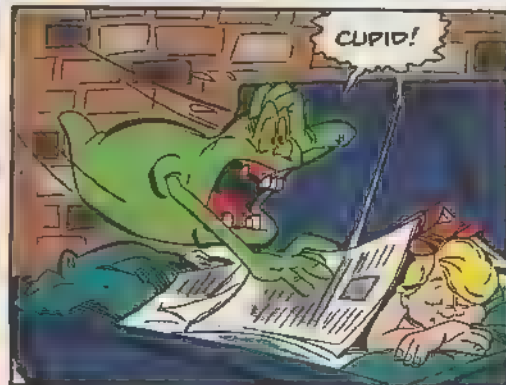
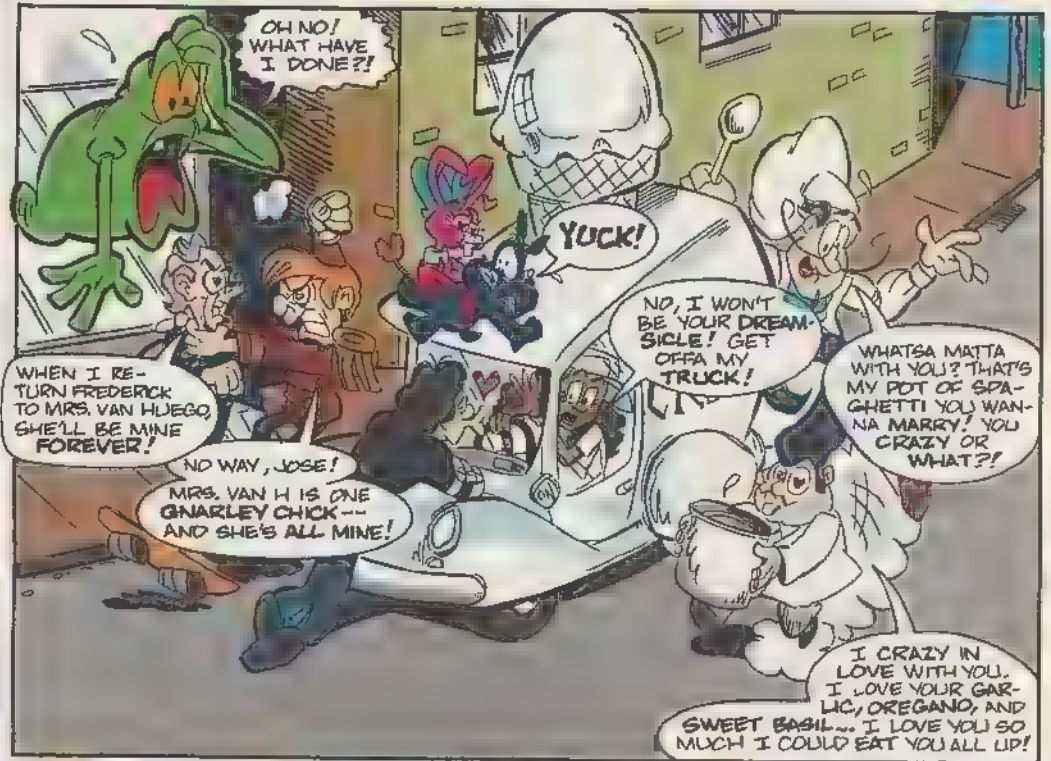
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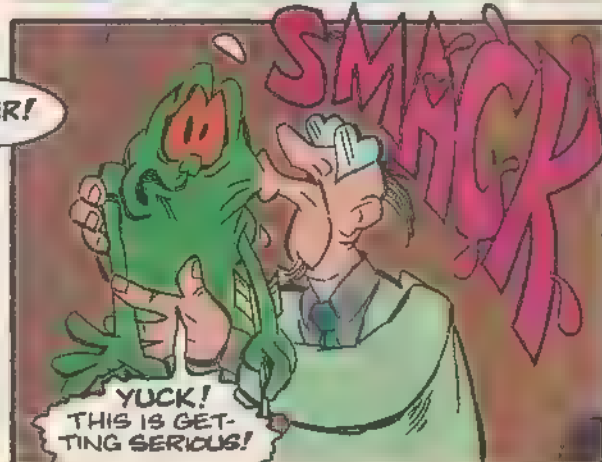
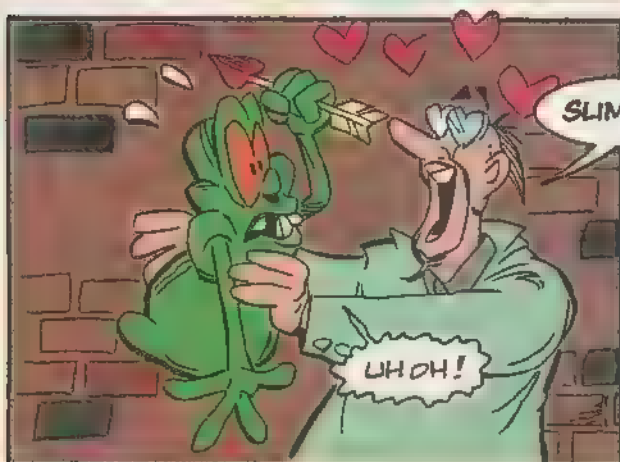
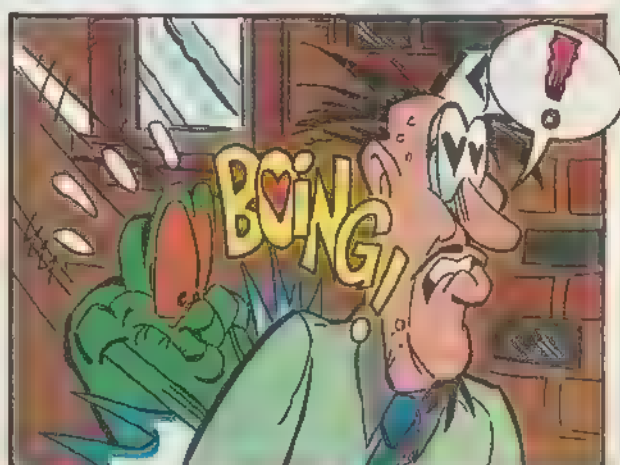
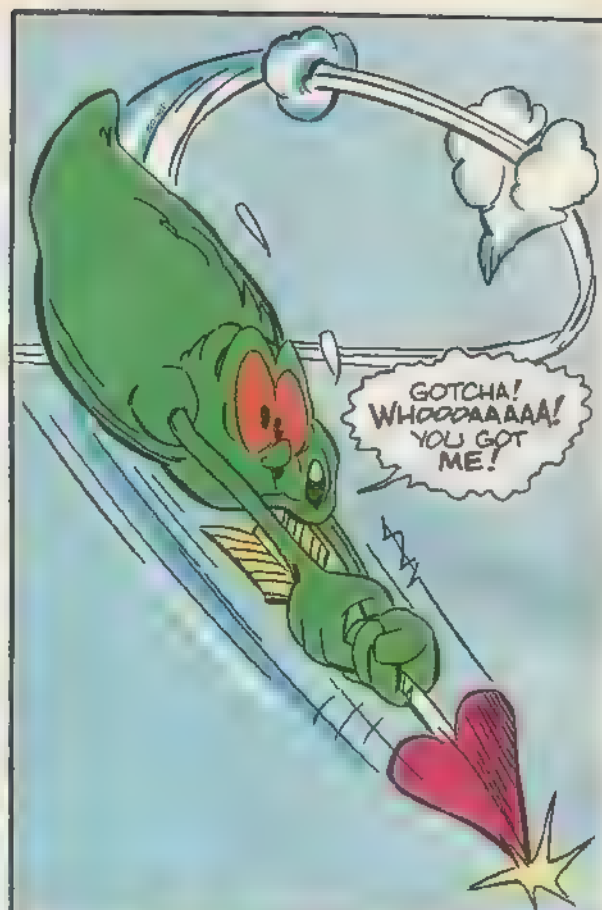


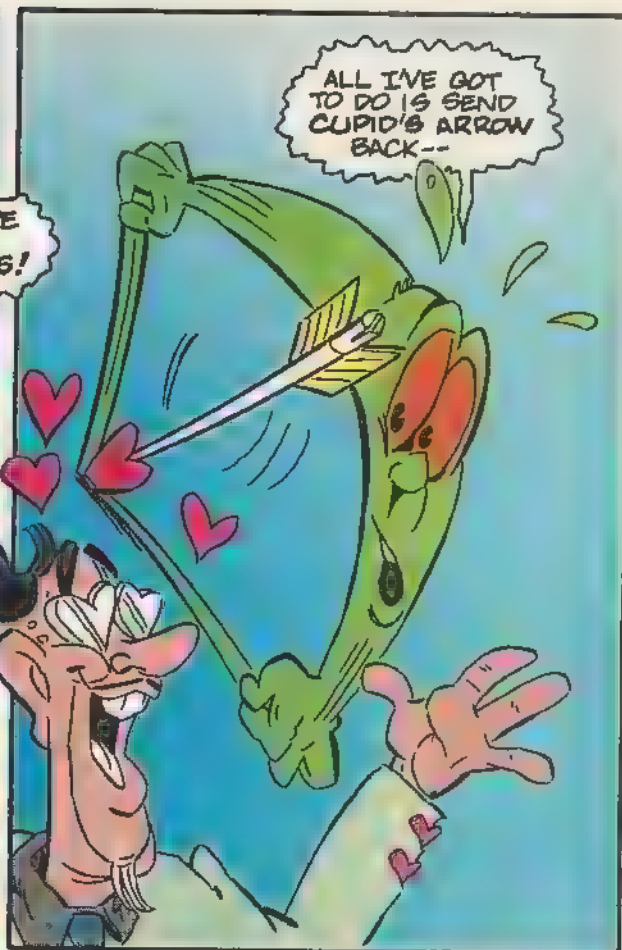
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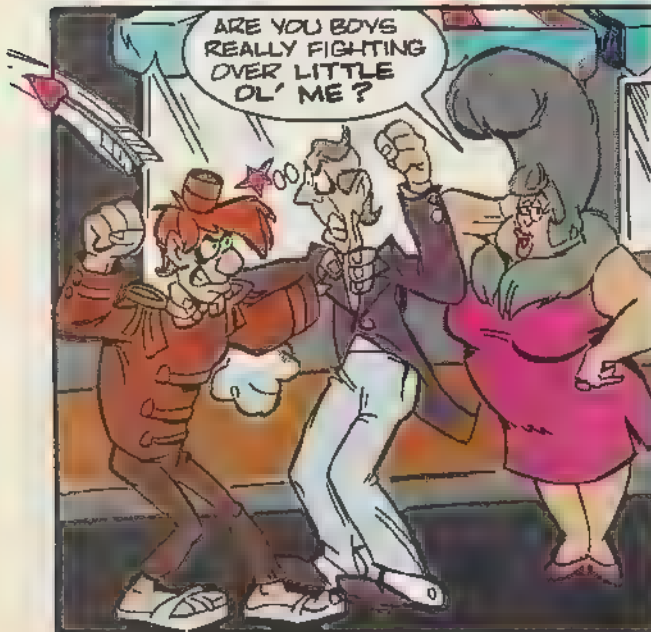
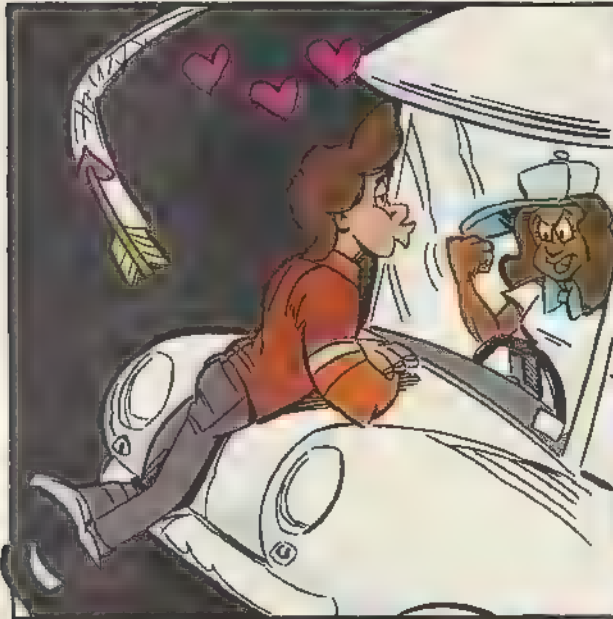
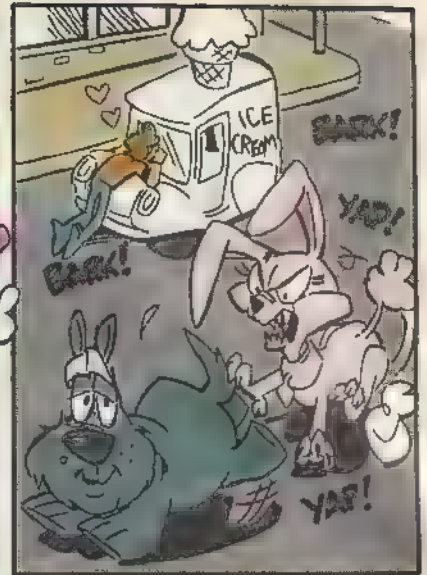
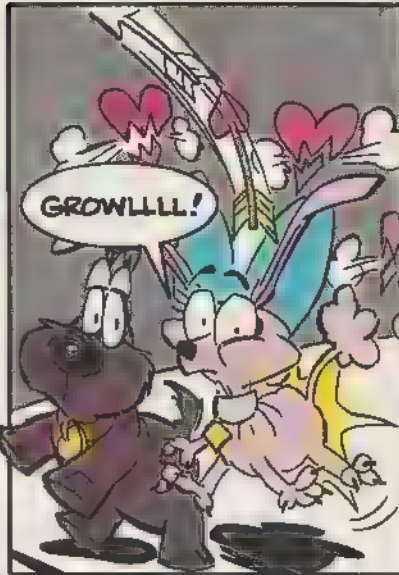
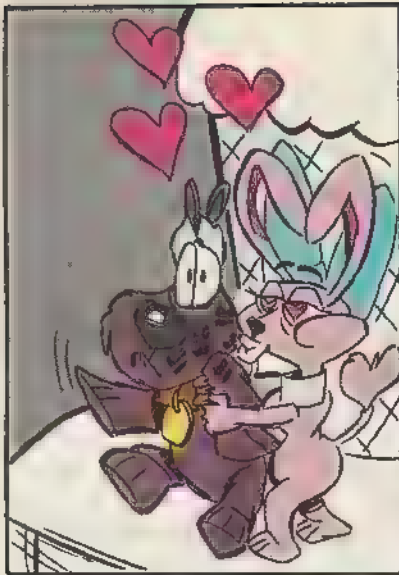
SLIMER!

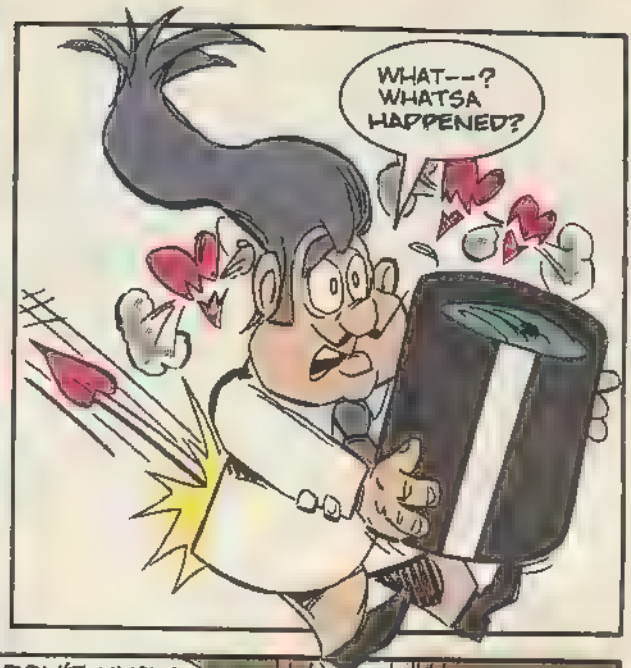
Part Two: Slimer has managed to get hold of Cupid's bow and arrow, and has accidentally caused lots of people to fall in love.











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THE COMIC BOOK



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SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London
WC2



Knock, knock.
Who's there?
Robin.
Robin who?
Robin a bank!
— Ignacio Bolelli, West London

Why did the fish blush?
Because he saw the ocean's
bottom!
— Daniel Whittaker,
Weymouth

Where do ghost's like to
swim?
In the Dead Sea!
— Dean Wright, Harlow

What do you call a pig that
does Karate?
A *pork chop*.
— Richard Grey, Hull

What do famous vampires get
on their birthday?
Fang mail.
— Jill Paramour, Guildford

What do you get from a
nervous cow?
A milk shake.
— Paul Jones, Derby.

"A Schoolboy's Troubles."
by Ben Dover.



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SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR
GUARDIAN

.....

DARE YOU ENTER THE

HAUNTED HOUSE?



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**THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™ PUZZLEBUSTER ISSUE FOUR
ON SALE NOW WITH FREE DOUBLE LOLLY!**

DEAD TRUE!

**It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!
Dare you read on?**



here is a valley in Banffshire, Scotland that is said to have once been haunted by a green lady. She was the wife of the local laird and first appeared to a ploughman some six months after her death. He recalled her with clarity because of her distinctive green, hooded dress and eerie voice. Also her request of a lift over a small stream seemed a somewhat unusual one. After this initial encounter the lady appeared so frequently that the servants lost their fear and treated her as part of the household. Sometimes playful, at other times melancholy,

she always seemed to be present and even when she was not visible her laugh could be heard ringing around the hall.

About one year after her first appearance the family nurse was alerted by the green lady, to the grave danger of two of the children. Sure enough they were discovered clinging to a rock, the angry sea swirling around them threatening to take them to their deaths. The nurse returned to find the green lady sitting by the fire and it was then that she explained the reason for her ghostly wanderings.

Apparently, a couple of years before her death, a pedlar was discovered in

the fruit garden. A servant was sent to deal with the intruder, but the pedlar was killed in the squirmish that ensued. Her first thoughts were to alert the laird, however after investigating the pedlar's wares, she decided to divide the gold coins and rich silks with the servant and bury the incriminating body. One particularly fine piece of silk she made into a dress and it was this that she wore after her death.

The green lady never did appear again, but the gold coins were discovered behind the tapestry in her room, as she had said, and the remains of a man's body were dug up, thus confirming the lady's story.



SHIP OF GHOULS!



IN JUST 7 DAYS

**BLIMEY!
IT'S...**

SLIMER!

EVIL SPACE ALIEN INVADER EXTRA TERRESTRIALS ARE PLOTTING TO TAKE OVER THE EARTH!! BUT FIRST THEY MUST CONQUER... SLIMER!!

THIS PLUTONIAN PULVERISER WILL MAKE SHORT WORK OF THAT SHORT SQUIRT, SLIMER!



GO! FIND SLIMER!! SMASH SLIMER!! BASH SLIMER!!!

DER! OKAY, BOSS!



BUT!

OH NO!! THE PULVERISER HAS FALLEN IN LOVE WITH SLIMER!

DER! HE'S SO SOFT AND SQUIDGY AND SLIMY!!

YOU EITHER GOT IT OR NOT, AND SLIMER GOT A LOT!



BAMBOS!